A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDIE.

Not so New, as Lamentable and True.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

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ALL'S ONE,

OR,

One of the foure Plaies in one, called a Yorkſhire Tragedy. As it was plaid by the Kings Maieſties Players.

Enter Oliuer and Raphe, two ſeruingmen.

Oliuer. Sirrah *Raphe*, my young Miſtris is in ſuch a pittifull paſſionate humour for the long abſence of her loue.

Raphe. Why can you blame her, why, Apples hanging longer on the tree thē when they are ripe, makes ſo many fallings, viz. Mad wenches becauſe they are not gathered in time, are faine to drop of themſelues, and then tis common you know for euery man to take them vp.

Oliuer. Maſſe thou ſaiſt true, tis common indeede, but ſirrah, is neyther our young Maſter returned, nor our fellow *Sam* come from London?

Raphe. Neyther of eyther, as the Puritan Bawde ſayes. Slid I heare *Sam*, *Sam's* come, heere tarry, come ifaith, now my noſe itches for newes.

Oliuer. And ſo doth mine elbow.

Sam cals within. Where are you there?

Sam. Boy, looke you walke my horſe with diſcreti-

on, I haue rid him ſimply, I warrant his skin ſtickes to his backe with very heate, if he ſhould catch cold and get the cough of the lungs, I were well ſerued, were I not? What *Raphe* and *Oliuer*.

Am. Honeſt fellow *Sam*, welcome ifaith, what tricks haſt thou brought from London?

Furniſht with things from London.

Sam. You ſee I am hangd after the trueſt faſhion, three hats, and two glaſſes bobbing vpon them, two rebato wyers vpon my breſt, a capcaſe by my ſide, a bruſh at my backe, an Almanacke in my pocket, and three ballats in my codpice, nay I am the true picture of a common ſeruingman.

Oliuer. Ile ſweare thou art, thou maiſt ſet vp when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with leſſe I can tell thee, that proues a rich man ere he dies, but whats the newes from *London*, *Sam*?

Raphe. I that's well ſed, what is the newes from *London*, Sirrah. My young Miſtreſſe keepes ſuch a puling for her Loue.

Sam. Why the more foole ſhe, I, the more ninny-hammer ſhe.

Oliuer. Why *Sam*, why?

Sam. Why he is married to another long agoe.

Amb. Faith ye ieaſt.

Sam. Why did you not know that till now? Why hee's married, beates his wife, and has two or three children by her: for you muſt note, that any woman beares the more when ſhe is beaten.

Raphe, I that's true, for ſhe beares the blowes.

Oliuer.

Oliuer. Sirrah *Sam*, I would not for two yeares wages my young Miſtreſſe knew ſo much, ſhee'd run vpon the left hand of her wit, and nere be her owne woman againe.

Sam. And I thinke ſhe was bleſt in her Cradle, that he neuer came in her bed, why hee has conſumed all, pawnd his lands, and made his Vniuerſity Brother ſtand in waxe for him; There's a fine phraſe for a ſcriuener, puh, he owes more then his skin is worth.

Oliuer. Is't poſſible?

Sam. Nay, ile tell you moreouer, hee cals his Wife whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and his children baſtards, as naturally as can be, but what haue we heere? I thought twas ſomething puld downe my Breeches: I quite forgot my two poting-ſtickes, theſe came from London, now any thing is good heere that comes from London.

Oliuer. I, farre fetcht you know.

Sam. But ſpeake in your conſcience ifaith, haue not we as good potingſticks i'th Country as need to be put i'th fire, the minde of a thing is all, and as thou ſaidſt euen now, farre fetcht is the beſt things for Ladyes.

Oliuer. I, and for waiting gentlewomen to.

Sam. But *Raphe*, is our Beere ſowre this thunder?

Raphe. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, Ile teach you the fineſt humor to be drunk in, I learnd it at *London* laſt weeke.

Amb. Faith lets heare it, lets heare it.

Sam. The braueſt humor, twould do a man good to

be drunke in it, they cal it knighting in London, when they drinke vpon their knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Come follow me, Ile giue you all the degrees of it in order. *Exeunt.*

Enter Wife.

wife. What will become of vs? all will away,
My husband neuer ceasses in expence,
Both to consume his credite and his house,
And tis set downe by heauens iust decree,
That Ryots childe must needs be beggery.
Are these the vertues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight Reuels,
Taking his bed with surfets. Ill beseeming
The ancient honour of his house and name:
And this not all, but that which kils me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakneſſe of his state so much deiected,
Not as a man repentant, but halfe mad,
His fortunes cannot answere his expence:
He sits and sullenly lockes vp his armes,
Forgetting heauen, looks downward, which makes
Him appeare so dreadfull, that he frights my heart:
Walkes heauily, as if his soule were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vext, his money cannot make them last:
A fearefull melancholy, vngodly sorrow.
Oh yonder he comes, now in despight of ils
Ile speake to him, and I will heare him speake,
And do my best to driue it from his heart.

Enter

Enter Husband.

Huſ. Pox of the laſt throw, it made
Fiue hundred Angels vaniſh from my ſight,
Ime damnd, Ime damnd, the Angels haue forſook me
Nay tis certainly true: for he that has no coyne,
Is damnd in this world; hee's gone, hee's gone.

Wife. Deere husband.

Huſ. Oh! moſt puniſhment of all, I haue a wife.

wife. I do intreate you as you loue your ſoule,
Tell me the cauſe of this your diſcontent.

Huſ. A vengeance ſtrip thee naked, thou art cauſe,
Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou. *Exit.*

wife. Bad, turnd to worſe?
Both beggery of the ſoule as of the body.
And ſo much vnlike himſelfe at firſt,
As if ſome vexed ſpirit had got his forme vpon him.

Enter Husband againe.

He comes againe,
He ſaies I am the cauſe, I neuer yet
Spoke leſſe then words of duty and of loue.

Huſ. If marriage bee honourable, then Cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot bee made without marriage.

Foole, what meant I to marry to get beggers?
Now muſt my eldeſt ſonne be a knaue or nothing, he cannot liue vpot'h foole, for he will haue no land to maintaine him: that morgage ſits like a ſnaffle vpon mine inheritance, and makes me chaw vpon Iron.

My ſecond ſon muſt be a promoter, and my third a theefe, or an vnder-putter, a ſlaue Pander.

Oh beggery, beggery, to what baſe vſes doſt thou put a man..
I thinke the diuell ſcornes to be a Bawd.
He beares himſelfe more proudly, has more care on his credite.
Baſe, ſlauiſh, abiect, filthy pouerty.
Wi, Good ſir, by all our vowes I do beſeech you,
Shew me the true cauſe of your diſcontent.
Huſ. Mony, mony, mony, & thou muſt ſupply mee.
Wi. Alaſſe, I am the leaſt cauſe of your diſcontent,
Yet what is mine, either in rings or iewels,
Vſe to your owne deſire, but I beſeech you,
As you are a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I my ſelfe be out of your reſpect,
Thinke on the ſtate of theſe three louely boyes
You haue bin father to.
Hu. Puh, Baſtards, Baſtards, Baſtards, begot in tricks, begot in tricks.
wi. Heauen knowes how thoſe words wrong me,
But Ile endure theſe griefes among a thouſand more
Oh call to minde your Lands already morgadge,
Your ſelfe woond into debts, your hopefull brother,
At the Vniuerſity in bonds for you,
Like to be ceaz'd vpon. And———
Hu. Ha done thou harlot,
Whom though for faſhion I married,
I neuer could abide. Thinkſt thou thy words
Shall kill my pleaſures, fall off to thy friends,
Thou and thy baſtards beg, I will not bate
A whit in humor; Midnight ſtill I loue you,

And reuell in your company; Curbd in,
Shall it be ſaid in all ſocieties,
That I broke cuſtome, that I flagd in money,
No, thoſe thy iewels, I will play as freely,
As when my ſtate was fulleſt.

Wife. Be it ſo.

Huſ. Nay I proteſt, and take that for an earneſt,

He ſpurns her.

I will for euer hold thee in contempt,
And neuer touch the ſheetes that couer thee,
But be diuorſt in bed, till thou conſent,
Thy dowry ſhall be ſolde to giue new life
Vnto thoſe pleaſures which I moſt affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turne a gentle eye on me,
And what the law ſhall giue me leaue to do,
You ſhall command.

Huſ. Looke it be done, ſhall I want duſt,
And like a ſlaue weare nothing in my pockets

Holds his hands in his Pockets.

But my hands to fill them vp with nayles?
Oh much againſt my blood, let it be done,
I was neuer made to be a looker on:
A baud to dice; Ile ſhake the drabs my ſelfe,
And make them yeeld, I ſay looke it be done.

Wife. I take my leaue, it ſhal.

Exit.

Hu. Speedily, ſpeedily, I hate the very houre I choſe a Wife, a trouble, trouble, three children like three euils hang vpon me, fie, fie, fie, ſtrumpet and baſtards, ſtrumpet and baſtards.

Enter

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

1. *Gent.* Still do these loathsome thoughts iarre on your tongue.
Your selfe to staine the honour of your Wife,
Nobly discended; those whom men call mad,
Endangers others, but hee's more then mad
That wounds himselfe, whose owne words
Do proclaime it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2. *Gent*, Good sir, let modesty reproue you.

3. *Gent.* Let honest kindnes sway so much with you.

Hu. God den, I thanke you sir, how do you? adieu, I am glad to see you, farwell Instructions, Admonitions. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter a seruant.

Huſ. How now sirrha, what would you?

Ser. Onely to certifie you sir, that my Mistris was met by the way, by them who were sent for her vp to London by her honourable Vnckle, your Worships late gardian.

Huſ. So sir, then she is gone, and so may you be,
But let her looke that the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant then her house at home. *Exit seruant.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Huſ. No nor I.

Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Huſ. Who me? chide me? doo't finely then, let it not moue me, for if thou chidst me angry, I shal strike.

Gent. Strike thine owne follies, for it is they

Deserues

Deſerue to be well beaten; wee are now in priuate,
Ther's none but thou and I, thou art fond & peeuiſh,
An vncleane ryoter, thy landes and credite
Lie now both ſicke of a conſumption,
I am ſorry for thee; that man ſpends with ſhame,
That with his riches doth conſume his name,
And ſuch art thou.

Huſ. Peace.

Gent. No thou ſhalt heare me further.
Thy fathers and fore-fathers worthy honors,
Which were our Country monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface,
The ſpring time of thy youth did fairely promiſe
Such a moſt fruitfull ſummer to thy friends
It ſcarſe can enter into mens beleefes,
Such dearth ſhould hang on thee, we that ſee it,
Are ſorry to beleeue it: in thy change,
This voice into all places will be hurld:
Thou and the diuell has deceiu'd the world.

Huſ. Ile not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worſt,
Thy vertuous wife right honourably allied,
Thou haſt proclaimd a ſtrumpet.

Huſ Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her Champion thou, her priuate friend,
The party you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble thought,
I am paſt my patient blood, ſhall I ſtand idle
And ſee my reputation toucht to death.

Huſ. This has galde you, has it?

Gent. No monſter, I proue
My thoughts did onely tend to vertuous loue.
Huſ. Loue of her vertues? there it goes.
Gent. Baſe ſpirit, to lay thy hate vpon
The fruitfull honour of thine owne bed.
They fight, and the Husband is hurt.
Huſ. Oh.
Gent. Wilt thou yeeld it yet?
Huſ. Sir, ſir, I haue not done with you.
Gent. I hope nor nere ſhall do. *Fight agen.*
Huſ. Haue you got tricks? are you in cunning with me?
Gent. No, plaine and right.
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.
Husband falles downe.
Huſ. Hard fortune, am I leueld with the ground?
Gent. Now ſir, you lie at mercy.
Huſ. I you ſlaue.
Gen. Alas, that hate ſhould bring vs to our graue,
You ſee my ſword's not thirſty for your life,
I am ſorrier for your wound, then your ſelfe,
Y'are of a vertuous houſe, ſhew vertuous deeds,
Tis not your honour, tis your folly bleeds,
Much good has beene expected in your life,
Cancell not all mens hopes, you haue a Wife,
Kinde and obedient: heape not wrongfull ſhame
On her and your poſterity, let onely ſinne be ſore,
And by this fall, riſe neuer to fall more.
And ſo I leaue you. *Exit.*
Huſ. Has the dogge left me then

After

After his tooth hath left me? Oh, my heart
Would faine leape after him, reuenge I ſay,
Ime mad to be reueng'd, my ſtrumpet Wife,
It is thy quarrell that rips thus my fleſh,
And makes my breſt ſpit blood, but thou ſhalt bleed:
Vanquiſht? got downe? vnable eene to ſpeake?
Surely tis want of money makes men weake,
I, twas that ore-threw me, Ide nere bene downe elſe.
Exit.

Enter Wife in a riding ſuite, with a ſeruingman.

Ser. Faith miſtris, if it may not be preſumption
In me to tell you ſo, for his excuſe
You had ſmall reaſon, knowing his abuſe.

Wife. I grant I had, but alaſſe,
Why ſhould our faults at home be ſpread abroad,
Tis greefe enough within doores; at firſt ſight
Mine Vnckle could run ore his prodigall life
As perfectly, as if his ſerious eye
Had numbred all his follies:
Knew of his morgagde lands, his friends in bonds,
Himſelfe withered with debt; And in that minute
Had I added his vſage and vnkindneſſe,
Twould haue confounded euery thought of good,
Where now, fathering his ryots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will ſhake off,
Gueſſing his kindnes to me (as I ſmoothd him
With all the skill I had) though his deſarts
Are in forme vglier then an vnſhapte Beare.
Hee's ready to prefer him to ſome Office
And place at Court; a good and ſure releeſe

To all his ſtooping fortunes, twil be a meanes I hope
To make new league betweene vs, and redeeme
His vertues with his lands.

Ser. I ſhould thinke ſo miſtris, If he ſhould not now be kinde to you and loue you, and cheriſh you vp, I ſhould thinke the diuell himſelfe kept open houſe in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prethree leaue me, I thinke I heare him comming.

Ser. I am gone. *Exit.*

Wi. By this good meanes I ſhall preſerue my lands,
And free my husband out of vſurers hands:
Now there is no need of ſale, my Vnckles kinde,
I hope, if ought, this will content his minde,
Here comes my husband. *Enter Husband.*

Huſ. Now, are you come, where's the mony, lets ſee the mony, is the rubbiſh ſolde, thoſe wiſeakers your lands, why then, the mony, where is it? powre it downe, downe with it, downe with it, I ſay powrt on the ground, lets ſee it, lets ſee it.

Wife. Good ſir, keepe but in patience, and I hope
My words ſhall like you well, I bring you better
Comfort then the ſale of my Dowry.

Huſ. Ha, what's that?

Wife. Pray doe not fright me ſir, but vouchſafe me hearing. My Vnckle, glad of your kindneſſe to me and milde vſage (for ſo I made it to him) hath in pitty of your declining fortunes, prouided a place for you at Court, of worth and credite; which ſo much ouer-ioyed me——

Huſ.

Huſ. Out on thee filth, ouer and ouerioyed,
When Ime in torment. *ſpurns her.*
Thou polliticke whore, ſubtiller then nine Diuels,
was this thy iourny to Nuncke, to ſet downe the hiſtory of me, my ſtate and fortunes:
Shall I, that dedicated my ſelfe to pleaſure, bee now confinde in ſeruice to crouch and ſtand like an olde man i'th hams, my hat off, I that could neuer abide to vncouer my head i'th Church, baſe ſlut, this fruite beares thy complaints.

Wife. Oh, heauen knowes,
That my complaints were praiſes, and beſt words
Of you, and your eſtate; onely my friends
Knew of your morgagde Lands, and were poſſeſt
Of euery accident before I came.
If you ſuſpect it but a plot in me,
To keepe my dowry, or for mine owne good,
Or my poore childrens (though it ſutes a mother
To ſhew a naturall care in their releefes)
Yet Ile forget my ſelfe to calme your blood,
Conſume it, as your pleaſure counſels you,
And all I wiſh, eene Clemency affoords,
Giue me but pleaſant lookes and modeſt words.

Huſ. Money whore, money, or Ile———
Drawes his Dagger. *Enter a ſeruant haſtily.*
What the diuell? how now? thy haſty newes.

Ser. May it pleaſe you ſir.

Huſ. What? may I not looke vpon my dagger?
Speake villaine, or I will execute the point on thee:
quicke, ſhort.

Ser. Why ſir, a gentleman from the Vniuerſity ſtaies below to ſpeake with you.

Huſ. From the Vniuerſity? ſo, Vniuerſity,
That long word runs through me. *Exit.*

Wife. Was euer Wife ſo wretchedly beſet?
Had not this newes ſtept in betweene, the point
Had offered violence vnto my breſt.
That which ſome women call great miſery,
Would ſhew but little here: would ſcarſe be ſeene
Among my miſeries: I may compare
For wretched fortunes, with all Wiues that are,
Nothing will pleaſe him, vntill all be nothing.
He calles it ſlauery to be preferd,
A place of credite, a baſe ſeruitude.
What ſhall become of me, and my poore children?
Two here, and one at nurſe, my pretty beggers,
I ſee how ruine with a palſie hand
Begins to ſhake the ancient ſeat to duſt:
The heauy weight of ſorrow, drawes my lids
Ouer my dankiſh eyes: I can ſcarſe ſee;
Thus greefe will laſt, it wakes and ſleepes with me.

Enter the Husband with the Maſter of the Colledge.

Huſ. Pleaſe you draw neere ſir, y'are exceeding welcome.

Mai. That's my doubt, I feare I come not to be welcome.

Huſ. Yes, howſoeuer.

Mai. Tis not my faſhion ſir, to dwell in long circumſtance, but to be plaine and effectuall; therefore to the purpoſe.

The

The cauſe of my ſetting foorth, was pittious & lamentable; that hopefull young gentleman your brother, whoſe vertues we all loue deerely, through your default and vnnaturall negligence, lies in bond executed for your debt, a priſoner, all his ſtudies amazed, his hope ſtrook dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in theſe darke clouds of oppreſſion.

Huſ. Hum, hum, hum.

Maiſt. Oh you haue kild the towardeſt hope of all our Vniuerſity, wherefore without repentance and amends, expect pandorus and ſuddaine iudgments to fall grieuouſly vpon you; your brother, a man who profited in his diuine imployments, and might haue made ten thouſand ſoules fit for heauen, now by your careleſſe courſes caſt in priſon, which you muſt anſwere for, and aſſure your ſpirit it will come home at length. *Huſ.* Oh God, oh.

Ma. Wiſe men thinke ill of you, others ſpeake ill of you, no man loues you, nay, euen thoſe whom honeſty condemnes, condemne you: and take this from the vertuous affection I beare your brother, neuer looke for proſperous houre, good thought, quiet ſleepes, contented walkes, nor any thing that makes man perfect, til you redeeme him: What is your anſwer, how will you beſtow him? vpon deſperate miſery, or better hopes? I ſuffer till I heare your anſwere.

Huſ. Sir, you haue much wrought with me, I feele you in my ſoule, you are your artes maſter.
I neuer had ſence til now; your ſillables haue cleft me
Both for your words and pains I thanke you: I cannot

but

but acknowledge greeuous wrongs done to my brother, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.
Within there.

Enter a ſeruingman.

Huſ. Fill me a bowle of wine. Alas poore brother,
Bruiſed with an execution for my ſake.

Ma. A bruiſe indeed makes many a mortall ſore,
Till the graue cure them. *Enter with wine.*

Huſ. Sir, I begin to you, y'aue chid your welcome.

Mr. I could haue wiſht it better for your ſake,
I pledge you ſir, to the kinde man in priſon.

Huſ. Let it be ſo.
Now Sir, if you ſo pleaſe to ſpend but a few minutes in walking about my grounds below, my man ſhall heere attend you: I doubt not but by that time to be furniſht of a ſufficient anſwere, and therein my Brother fully ſatisfied.

Mr. Good ſir, in that the Angels would be pleaſed, and the worlds murmures calmd, and I ſhould ſay I ſet foorth then vpon a lucky day. *Exit.*

Huſ. Oh thou confuſed man, thy pleaſant ſins haue vndone thee, thy damnation has beggerd thee, that heauen ſhould ſay we muſt not ſin, and yet made women: giues our ſences way to finde pleaſure, which being found, confounds vs, why ſhould wee know thoſe things ſo much miſuſe vs? Oh would vertue had beene forbidden, wee ſhould then haue prooued all vertuous, for tis our blood to loue what wee are forbidden; had not drunkenneſſe beene forbidden, what man would haue beene foole to a beaſt, and za-

ny

ny to a ſwine, to ſhew tricks in the mire, what is there in three Dice, to make a man draw thrice three thouſand acres into the compaſſe of a little round table, and with the gentlemans palſie in the hand ſhake out his poſterity, theeues, or beggers; tis done, I haue don't ifaith: terrible, horrible miſery. ——— how well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands ſhewed like a full Moone about me, but now the Moone's in the laſt quarter, waining, waining, and I am mad to thinke that Moone was mine: mine and my fathers, and my fore-fathers generations, generations, downe goes the houſe of vs, down, downe it ſinkes: Now is the name a beggar, begs in me that name which hundreds of yeares has made this ſhiere famous; in me and my poſterity runs out.

In my ſeede fiue are made miſerable beſides my ſelfe, my ryot is now my brothers iaylor, my Wiues ſighing, my three boyes penurie, and mine own confuſion.

He teares his haire.

Why ſit my haires vpon my curſed head?
Will not this poyſon ſcatter them? oh my brother's
In execution among diuels that ſtretch him:
And make him giue; and I in want,
Not able for to liue, nor to redeeme him.
Diuines and dying men may talke of hell,
But in my heart her ſeuerall torments dwell,
Slauery and miſery. Who in this caſe
Would not take vp money vpon his ſoule?
Pawne his ſaluation, liue at intereſt:

I, that did euer in aboundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throwes of hell.

Enter his little ſonne, with a top and ſcourge.

Son. What aile you father, are you not well, I cannot ſcourge my top as long as you ſtand ſo: you take vp all the roome with your wide legs, puh, you cannot make me affraid with this, I feare no vizards, nor bugbeares.

He takes vp the child by the skirts of his long coate in one hand, and drawes his dagger with the other.

Huſ. Vp ſir, for heere thou haſt no inheritance left.

Sonne. Oh what will you do father, I am your white boy. *ſtrikes him.*

Huſ. Thou ſhalt be my red boy, take that.

Son. Oh you hurt me father.

Huſ. My eldeſt beggar, thou ſhalt not liue to aske an vſurer bread, to cry at a great mans gate, or follow, good your Honor by a Coach, no, nor your brother: tis charity to braine you.

Son. How ſhall I learne, now my head's broke?

Hu. Bleed, bleed, rather then beg, beg, *ſtabs him.*
Be not thy names diſgrace:
Spurne thou thy fortunes firſt, if they be baſe:
Come view thy ſecond brother: Fates,
My childrens bloud ſhall ſpin into your faces,
You ſhall ſee,
How confidently we ſcorne beggery.

Exit with his ſonne.

Enter a maid with a childe in her armes, the

Mother

Mother by her aſlepe.

M. Sleep ſweet babe, ſorrow makes thy mother ſleep,
It boades ſmall good when heauineſſe fals ſo deepe,
Huſh pretty boy, thy hopes might haue bene better,
Tis loſt at Dice, what ancient honour won,
Hard when the father plaies away the Sonne:
Nothing but miſery ſerues in this houſe,
Ruine and deſolation; oh.

Enter Husband with the boy bleeding.

Huſ. Whore, giue me that boy.

he ſtriues with her for the childe.

Maid. Oh helpe, helpe, out alas, murder, murder.

Huſ. Are you goſſiping, prating ſturdy queane,
Ile breake your clamour with your neeke,
Downe ſtaires; tumble, tumble, headlong,

He throwes her downe.

So, the ſureſt way to charme a womans tongue,
Is breake her necke, a Polititian did it.

Son. Mother, mother, I am kild mother.

His wife awakes, and catcheth vp the youngeſt.

Wife. Ha, who's that cride? Oh me my children,
Both, both, both; bloudy, bloudy.

Huſ. S rumpet, let go the boy, let go the beggar.

Wife. Oh my ſweete husband.

Huſ. Filth, Harlot.

Wife. Oh what will you do deere husband?

Huſ. Giue me the baſtard.

Wife. Your owne ſweete boy.

Huſ. There are too many beggers.

Wife. Good my husband.
Huſ. Doſt thou preuent me ſtill?
Wife. Oh God!
Stabs at the childe in her armes, & gets it from her.
Huſ. Haue at his heart.
Wife. Oh my deare boy.
Huſ. Brat, thou ſhalt not liue to ſhame thy houſe.
Wife. Oh heauen. *She is hurt and ſinks downe.*
Huſ. And periſh, now be gone,
Ther's whores enow, and want would make thee one.

Enter a luſty ſeruant.

Ser. Oh ſir, what deeds are theſe?
Huſ. Baſe ſlaue, my vaſſaile,
Com'ſt thou betweene my fury to queſtion me?
Ser. Were you the diuell, I would hold you ſir.
Huſ. Hold me? preſumption, Ile vndo thee for it.
Ser. Sbloud, you haue vndone vs all ſir.
Huſ. Tug at thy Maſter?
Ser. Tug at a monſter.
Huſ. Haue I no power, ſhall my ſlaue fetter me?
Ser. Nay then the diuell wraſtles, I am throwne.
Husband ouercomes him.

Huſ. Oh villaine, now Ile tug thee, now Ile teare thee, ſet quicke ſpurs to my vaſſaile, bruize him, trample him; ſo, I thinke thou wilt not follow me in haſte. My horſe ſtands ready ſadled, away, away, Now to my brat at nurſe, my ſucking begger; Fates, Ile not leaue you one to trample one.

The Master meetes him.

Mr. How ist with you sir, me-thinks you looke of a distracted colour.

Husb. Who I sir, tis but your fancy,
Please you walke in sir, and Ile soone resolue you,
I want one small part to make vp the sum,
And then my brother shall rest satisfied.

Mr. I shall be glad to see it, sir Ile attend you.

Exeunt.

Ser. Oh, I am scarse able to heaue vp my selfe,
He has so bruizd me with his diuellish waight,
And torne my flesh with his bloud-hasty spur,
A man before of easie constitution,
Till now hels power supplied; to his soules wrong,
Oh how damnation can make weake men strong.

Enter Master and two seruants.

Ser. Oh the most pittious deed sir since you came.

Mr. A deadly greeting; hath he sumd vp these
To satisfie his brother? heere's another,
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.

Wife. Oh, oh.

Mr. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recouers life,
One of his men all faint and bloudied.

1. *Ser.* Follow, our murderous Master has tooke
Horse to kill his childe at nurse, oh follow quickly.

Mr. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
To raise the Towne vpon him.

Exit Master and seruants.

1. *Ser.* Good sir follow him.

Wife. Oh my children.

1. *Ser*, How is it with my most afflicted Mistris?

wife. Why do I now recouer? why halfe liue?
To see my children bleed before mine eies,
A sight, able to kill a Mothers breast without an executioner; what, art thou mangled too?

1. *Ser.* I thinking to preuent what his quicke mischiefes had so soone acted, came and rusht vpon him,
We strugled, but a fowler strength then his
Ore-threw me with his armes, then did he bruize me
And rent my flesh, and robd me of my haire,
Like a man mad in execution,
Made me vnfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it has beguilde him of all grace?
And stole away humanity from his brest,
To slay his children, purposed to kill his wife,
And spoile his seruants.

Enter two seruants.

Ambo. Please you leaue this accursed place,
A surgeon waites within.

Wife. Willing to leaue it.
Tis guilty of sweete bloud, innocent bloud,
Murder hath tooke this chamber with full hands,
And will not out as long as the house stands.

Exeunt.

Enter Husband, as being throwne of his Horse, and falles.

Hus. Oh stumbling Iade, the spauin ouertake thee,
The fifty diseases stop thee;
Oh, I am sorely bruisde, plague founder thee,

Thou

Thou runſt at eaſe and pleaſure, hart of chance,
To throw me now, within a flight o'th Towne,
In ſuch plaine eeuen ground,
Sfoot, a man may dice vpon it, and throw away the
Medowes, ah filthy beaſt.

Cry within.

Follow, follow, follow.

Huſ. Ha? I heare ſounds of men, like hew and cry,
Vp, vp, and ſtruggle to thy horſe, make on,
Diſpatch that little begger, and all's done.

Cry within.

Heere, this way, this way.

Huſ. At my backe? oh,
What fate haue I, my limbes deny me to go,
My will is bated, beggery claimes a part,
Oh could I heare reach to the infants heart.

Enter Maſter of the Colledge, three Gentlemen, and others with Holberds.

All. Heere, heere, yonder, yonder.

Ma. Vnnaturall, flinty, more then barbarous,
The *Scythians* in their marble hearted fates,
Could not haue acted more remorſeleſſe deeds
In their relentleſſe natures, then theſe of thine:
Was this the anſwer I long waited on,
The ſatisfaction for thy priſoned brother?

Huſ. He can haue no more of vs, then our skins,
And ſome of them want but fleaing.

1. *Gent.* Great ſinnes haue made him impudent.

Ma. Has ſhed ſo much blood that he cannot bluſh.

2. *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Away with him, beare him to the Iuſtices,
A gentleman of worſhip dwels at hand,
There ſhall his deeds be blazed.
Huſ. Why all the better,
My glory tis to haue my action knowne,
I greeue for nothing, but I miſt of one.
Mr. There's little of a father in that griefe;
Beare him away. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Knight, with two or three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endangered ſo his Wife, murdered his children?
1. *Gent.* So the cry goes.
Knight. I am ſorry I ere knew him,
That euer he tooke life and naturall being
From ſuch an honoured ſtocke, and faire diſcent,
Till this blacke minute without ſtaine or blemiſh.
1. *Gent.* Heere come the men.

Enter the Maſter of the Colledge, and the reſt with the priſoner.

Knight. The Serpent of his houſe: Ime ſorry for this time, that I am in place of iuſtice.
Mr. Pleaſe you ſir.
Knight Do not repeate it twice, I know too much,
Would it had nere bene thought on.
Sir, I bleed for you.
1. *Gent.* Your fathers ſorrowes are aliue in me;
What made you ſhew ſuch monſtrous cruelty?
Huſ. In a word ſir,

I haue conſumd all, plaid away long acre,
And I thought it the charibleſt deed I could do,
To cuſſen beggery, and knock my houſe o'th head.

Kni. I do not thinke but in to morrowes iudgment
The terror will ſit cloſer to your ſoule,
When the dread thought of death remembers you,
To further which, take this ſad voyce from me,
Neuer was acte plaid more vnnaturally.

Huſ. I thanke you ſir.

Knight. Goe leade him to the Iayle,
Where iuſtice claimes all, there muſt pitty faile.

Huſ. Come, come, away with me.

Exit priſoner.

Mr. Sir, you deſerue the worſhip of your place,
Would all did ſo, in you the law is grace.

Knight. It is my wiſh it ſhould be ſo;
Ruinous man, the deſolation of his houſe,
The blot vpon his predeceſſors honord name:
That man is neereſt ſhame that's paſt ſhame.

Exit.

Enter Husband with the Officers, The Maſter and Gentlemen, as going by his houſe.

Huſ. I am right againſt my houſe, ſeate of my anceſtors; I heare my wife's aliue, but much endangered; let me intreate to ſpeake with her before the priſon gripe me.

Enter his Wife, brought in a Chaire.

Gent. See heere, ſhe comes of her ſelfe.

Wife. Oh my ſweete husband, my deere diſtreſſed husband, now in the hands of vnrelenting lawes; my

greateſt ſorrow, my extremeſt bleeding; now my ſoule bleeds.

Huſ. How now? kinde to me? did not I wound thee, leaue thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, farre greater wounds did my breſt feele,
Vnkindneſſe ſtrikes a deeper wound then ſteele,
You haue beene ſtill vnkinde to me.

Huſ. Faith, and ſo I thinke I haue;
I did my murders roughly out of hand,
Deſperate and ſuddaine, but thou haſt deuiz'd
A fine way now to kill mee, thou haſt giuen mine eies
Seauen wounds a peece; now glides the diuell from
Me, departs at euery ioynt, heaues vp my nailes.
Oh catch him new torments, that were nere inuented
Binde him one thouſand more you bleſſed Angels,
In that bottomleſſe pit, let him not riſe
To make men acte vnnaturall tragedies,
To ſpread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his childrens executioners,
Murder his wife, his ſeruants, and who not?
For that man's darke, where heauen is quite forgot.

Wife. Oh my repentant husband.

Hu. My deare ſoule, whom I too much haue wrongd
For death I die, and for this haue I long'd.

Wife. Thou ſhouldſt not (be aſſured) for theſe faults
Die, if the law could forgiue as ſoone as I.

Children laid out.

Huſ. What ſight is yonder?

Wife, Oh, our two bleeding boyes

Laid

Laid foorth vpon the threſhold. (crack,
Huſ. Heer's weight enough to make a hart-ſtring
Oh were it lawfull that your pretty ſoules
Might looke from heauen into your fathers eyes,
Then ſhould you ſee the penitent glaſſes melt,
And both your murders ſhoote vpon my cheekes,
But you are playing in the Angels laps,
And will not looke on me,
Who void of grace, kild you in beggery.
Oh that I might my wiſhes now attaine,
I ſhould then wiſh you liuing were againe;
Though I did beg with you, which thing I feard,
Oh twas the enemy my eyes ſo bleard.
Oh would you could pray heauen me to forgiue,
That will vnto my end repentant liue.
Wif. It makes me eene forget all other ſorrowes,
And leaue part with this.
Officer. Come, will you goe?
Huſ. Ile kiſſe the bloud I ſpilt, and then Ile goe,
My ſoule is bloudied, well may my lips be ſo.
Farwell deere Wife, now thou and I muſt part,
I of thy wrongs, repent me with my heart.
Wife. Oh ſtay, thou ſhalt not goe.
Huſ. That's but in vaine, you ſee it muſt be ſo.
Farwell ye bloudy aſhes of my boyes,
My puniſhments are their eternall ioyes.
Let euery father looke well into my deeds,
And then their heirs may proſper, while mine bleeds.
Exeunt Husband with Officers,
Wife. More wretched am I now in this diſtreſſe,

Then former ſorrowes made me.

Mr. Oh kinde Wife, be comforted,
One ioy is yet vnmurdered,
You haue a boy at Nurſe, your ioye's in him.

wife. Dearer then all is my poore husbands life:
Heauen giue my body ſtrength, which yet is faint
With much expence of blood, and I will kneele,
Sue for his life, number vp all my friends,
To plead for pardon for my deare husbands life?

Mr. Was it in man to wound ſo kinde a creature?
Ile euer praiſe a woman for thy ſake.
I muſt returne with griefe, my anſwer's ſet,
I ſhall bring newes weighes heauier then the debt.
Two brothers; one in bond lies ouerthrowne,
This, on a deadlier execution.

FINIS.